

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Stencilled Skin Fad

HAVE you got a crocodile on your shoulder—or a snake around your neck—or a rat cuddled cozily under your right arm—or a lizard making itself quite at home in the nape of your neck?

It's the latest fad—the stencilled skin. The bigger the stencil and the queerer the subjects the "smarter" you are. You have them traced, after you've taken your bath, on your knee or on your arm or, oh, anywhere, and then you talk about it and hint and whisper and giggle.

And you can drag your brother in or, if you haven't got a brother, your grandfather is all right, or your uncle, but you see your father is likely to be quite busy with some other personal lizard fights of his own, and it really isn't quite the thing to crowd him too fast—

You get so excited talking it over that you almost—but you stop just in time and let him guess the rest. You're so girlish and young and innocent-minded, you know.

What Do You Expect?

People will think unkind things about you. They'll say you're bold and vulgar and crude. They'll say you'd run down Broadway in a pair of pink pajamas with a dinner bell in each hand, rather than to stay at home and not have people look at you.

I guess if you want to go to a ball in your nightie you have a perfect right to do it, haven't you dear? And you also have a perfect right to be furious if people have their opinions of you for doing it.

Sweet thing! We all love and admire you, lizard and all—to your face. But, oh, behind your back, if you could hear the men, if you could only imagine you could hear them, you'd never smile again, or pout or sulk, or dress like what you are not, to deceive people as to what you are.

What is it you want to be, anyway, some day, when the debutante days are over?

A ballet dancer? You'll have to work hard to be that.

A show girl? That doesn't last long, that trade, when the first bloom of youth is over.

A left-over, a has-been, a faded caricature of what you once were, going to parties in a frock that your little sixteen-year-old sister ought to wear?

Oh, you'll be innocent enough then and girlish—dear me, a joke, a would-be! What is it you really want? What do you honestly expect?

What? You hope some day to be somebody's wife and somebody's mother? Tut, tut, little girl! Haven't you learned better than that yet?

Never Attracts a Man.

Men don't marry girls who tattoo snakes around their necks or stencil them either, or, if they do marry them, there's a fuss at home about it and the first thing you know there's a divorce.

Men are not so very wise about women, but they do still cling to a few little old-fashioned prejudices.

They want one sort of girl for that sort of flirtation and another sort—oh, quite, quite another—for a real wife and the real mother to their children?

He could be a man ever believe that he was the only man you had ever told about the snake or the lizard or the hippopotamus or the rhinoceros, or whatever it happened to be you fancied?

Men are such sceptical creatures—they always insist on taking so much for granted.

And what man would dare face what would look to him like such a past he'd have to walk backward to get away from the future?

Lizards, snakes, crocodiles—for goodness sake, little Sweet and Silly, why don't you choose something agreeable, if you must choose anything, for such a purpose?

An angel, say, or a cupid, or at least, at very least, a cherub. Now, if you had a wreath of roses or a garland of lilies—but, no, the whole idea is too disagreeable.

Do tell us you don't really do it—you just talk about it.

Deny even that, and say you never thought of such an idea and wouldn't listen if some one tried to suggest it to you.

We really do want to believe in you, Sweet and Twenty. Won't you please give us a chance?

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

How She Made an Up-to-the-Instant Blouse from a Russian Model.

WE are all chuckling over Ken Elliot's crestfallen expression since Cicely beat him at tennis. He came here the other morning that he oughtly disgusted over the fact that he had "swatted" two hours on the court with Mitty Sefton, whom some one had misinformed him "played a corking game."

We've always accused Ken of being conceited, but when he coolly informed us that "there wasn't a girl in town that could even serve decently," and that most of them were "fumblerers," Cicely turned up her nose—she can't stand Ken even at his best—and went into the house.

Ken, though half of his audience had departed, continued to bemoan his fate that it was impossible to find a girl who could "match" him, since he'd rather play with a good-looking girl than with a fellow.

This was too much for me, so I excused myself for a minute and hunted womanhood take the wind out of Ken's sails. He doesn't know a thing about your game—in fact, I've never even told him that you know anything about tennis. You can beat him easily.

Cicely firmly refused to waste her time with such a "conceited dud," so I had to bribe her to play three sets with him by promising to make her a Russian blouse like Jane Fulton's.

She went out and calmly informed Ken that she wouldn't mind trying to play with him, but she had nothing more exciting to do that morning. He went with her to the court, because it pleased him to humiliate her whim, but at her first serve he "sat up and took notice."

She played like a little devil, and beat him badly. I bought the materials for her Russian blouse that afternoon. She chose a lovely tone of Joffre blue

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw

"I think I'll have to give up golf. You've no idea how terribly I look in a golf suit—it just isn't my sport!"

What Charm Really Means to Beauty

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

EVERY wise person has said: "All personal beauty, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts—health, dress and winsomeness."

It is all very well to have perfect features, but they amount to nothing unless the body is in a normal, healthy condition. Then of what advantage is physical beauty if you do not give it the proper setting by dressing in good taste?

You have frequently noticed a woman who is really lovely, but whose appearance is marred by wearing the wrong clothes and by arranging her coiffure in an unbecoming manner. A woman must be of surpassing loveliness and fashionably dressed in excellent taste, but if she lacks that indefinable something called "charm," she will never know what it is to be surrounded by a host of admiring friends, and will, therefore, miss many of the greatest joys of life.

Charm, after all, is the greatest of the three. No matter if you are as unattractive as a "hind fence stuck full of bristles," and as lacking in style as Mrs. Noah would be at a modern summer resort, "you should worry" if you possess charm, for you will be well liked wherever you go.

But do not think because you have this priceless gift that you may neglect your personal appearance. Remember that "first impressions" count for a great deal, and that charm cannot be seen at a glance. Make up your mind to have at least a little of each of the "three parts of beauty," but make a charming personality the greatest portion.

I cannot make an analysis of "charm," but I do know that a great many lovely feminine qualities are summed up in this one small word. One of the most important of these is the desire to please others. But it must be a spontaneous thoughtfulness of others, not an effort to shower them with unnecessary attentions. There are women who would do anything to be thought charming, but instead they create the impression of being stilted, gushing and void of tact.

Aim to be one of those women whose unflattering graciousness and sincere interest in their fellow-beings make them beloved by all who know them. Adapt yourself readily to all circumstances and from what you come in contact will feel "perfectly at home" with you the moment they are introduced.

It requires no small amount of vital energy to preserve this gracious personality, but if you are called upon to mingle extensively in the social or business world you will find that things will move along much more smoothly if you are liked for your charming manner rather than disliked for your arrogance and hauteur.

It is not the ability to do the right thing at the right moment and to make it appear to be the only natural thing to do is one of the invaluable qualities that go to make up "charm." To put people at their ease, and to make them enjoy themselves is a delightful service for any woman to perform. You should be proud to have friends say of you: "She is so gracious and tactful" than to have them admire your physical beauty.

If you want to know the direct route to people's hearts it is to show them that you like them and are sincerely interested in each one personally. But you cannot succeed in doing this unless you are in the form of a beauty, and spontaneously in your own heart. Spontaneity is the parent of charm.

As he is about to drink the deadly mixture he hears a song of life and love sung by village maidens. His heart is dead to such sentiments, and again he raises the poison to his lips. Then he hears the laborers singing on their way to the fields. "Faust" remains in God, youth, full of hope and trust in God, and as his wasted life spreads before him he calls upon the king of the infernal regions.

Mephistopheles immediately appears and promises the astounded Faust youth, strength and the pleasures of life if he will sign a contract to serve him after death. Faust wavers in his decision, and the fiend taunts the vision of Marguerite, a beautiful village maiden, to appear, promising her to the philosopher if he will sell his soul. Faust signs the contract. The Evil One hands him the cup of poison, and the aged man immediately becomes a handsome youth.

In an open square of the village a festival is in progress, and students, soldiers and villagers congregate to make merry. Among them is Siebel, a young man who is in love with Marguerite. Valentine, Marguerite's lover, enters and is dispirited. He has enlisted as a soldier, and dislikes the thought of leaving his sister alone and unprotected. He commends her to the care of Siebel, who gladly promises to guard her.

Mephistopheles, who the group of merry-makers, and interests them by telling fortune. He jests lightly, with Siebel about Marguerite and Valentine, and his friends draw their swords to avenge the insult. The fiend traces the fiend about him which none are able to detect. Then Valentine, realizing that the stranger is evil, reverses his sword, and the fiend, being in the form of a cross, the fiend "links away."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why You Like Some Foods and Dislike Certain Others

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

FOODS are the sinews of life. The larger your reserves of ammunition for the tissues, the better is your chance to survive, and to exist efficiently.

If you are one who cannot abide meats or whose stomach turns turtle at the very sight or smell of a pineapple, you are perhaps just that much less successful than those whose gastronomic vigor is as cosmopolitan as the proverbial orator.

The amount and the variety of food a man's stomach can decently care for has an intimate relationship to his growth and vigor. But, though this is a physiologic truth, many exceptions are to be found. Some persons have a native revulsion—an idiosyncrasy—toward some foods. Others take up a food fast to the exclusion of certain elements of a well-rounded knightly table.

True enough, nearly every one has some pet food dislikes. Many has the horrors at the thought of an olive, James leaves the table when onions are served, and little Willie refuses eggs. Each has an idiosyncrasy for some edibles.

Strange as it may sound, there are persons who fail to agree with the individual that he likes and dislikes fail to indicate. Just as such chronic maladies as tuberculosis and syphilis creep secretly and progressively into your vitals for months and years, just as chronic lead, phosphorus or arsenical poisoning insinuate their hidden iniquities into your tissues, there are foods which you may eat day by day that really play a part of the Borgias and other secret poisoners.

One of the curiously ignored actions of foods is their stimulating and restorative powers. Dietitians and food sharks commonly emphasize that most palatable, most healthful, and most nutritious food is the least bit of food furnished to a man more quickly than medicines or strong drink. The nutritive properties of some foods are not more important than the way they increase vitality and restore power to the individual.

On the other hand, some foods—each person perhaps differs in this respect—repress and check vitality. Joint pains of a terror-like quality occur in Mrs. X, every time she eats cane sugar or sweets.

Another patient, Mrs. M., has a mysterious (?) attack of migraine or hemicrania whenever she eats lettuce. The headache is limited either to the left half or to the right half of her anatomy.

Unless some infants and children are steadily and carefully trained to become immune to eggs, berries and other varieties of food, they may become super-sensitive to one or another article of the diet and suffer accordingly in their future days. Eggs and strawberries are by no means easy for babies of 3 years of age to eat. But by babies of 3 years of age to eat. But by babies of 3 years of age to eat.

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Stories of the Operas

Condensed by ADRIEN TOURNIER

When the others leave the square Mephistopheles reappears with Faust, who is impatient to see Marguerite. Siebel enters to await the maiden's return from church. As she approaches the fiend engages Siebel in conversation while Faust speaks to Marguerite and not to keep the pretty ornaments.

The Evil One and Faust return. The demon makes love to the old serving woman, while Faust wooes Marguerite. He is so ardent in his pledges of devotion that the maiden yields to his desire.

Within her garden Marguerite broods over her sorrow. Siebel comes to her and vows to avenge her wrong. Still loving Faust, Marguerite begs Siebel not to harm him.

The soldiers return from the war, and Valentine's joy at seeing his sister is changed to fury when he learns that she has been betrayed.

That evening Faust and Mephistopheles come before Marguerite's home, and the fiend sings a haunting serenade. Valentine rushes from the house and crosses swords with Faust, but the latter, aided by the demon, deals the young man his death blow. The villagers rush in, as Marguerite bends over her dying brother, who curses her with his last breath.

The unfortunate girl goes to the church to pray, but the mocking demon meets her on the threshold and tells her that she is damned forever. But though her reason is tottering she collects strength enough to break away from the Evil One and rush into the city.

Mephistopheles takes Faust to the witches' revels on Walpurgis night. In the midst of the mad gypsy Faust sees Marguerite despairing and almost dying, and commands the fiend to take him to her.

Within a prison cell, ill and half-mad, Marguerite is awaiting trial for the murder of her child. Mephistopheles visits Faust, and he urges her to flee with him. She is about to consent when she catches a glimpse of the Evil One. She falls upon her knees and begins to pray. The prison walls disappear and angels welcome the repentant woman.

Then the fiend climaxes Faust, and they sink through the earth surrounded by flames.

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